

Theocritus, he might send her a distaff with
an accompanying poem, slightly sneered at by the
ladies of the Court; he might sing at her window in the
dawn:

Marie, levez-vous, ma jeune
paresseuse,
Ja la gaye Alouette au del a
fredonnf,
Et ja le Rossignol doucement
jargonnd
Dessus Tespine assis, sa complainte
amoureuse.

In spite of all she seems to have remained
comparatively cold to him. Perhaps at the end of his
life, remembering Cassandre, Marie, H  lene, Ronsard
might have said with Rousseau: 'Mon peu de succes pres
des femmes est toujours venu de les trop aimer/ What
was worse, Marie showed herself less cold to his friend,
Charles de Pisseleu, Bishop of Condom, whose name
the mortified poet in return struck out of the poems
dedicated to him. '  l Ta fort aim  ', says Ronsard's biographer
Binet, 'et icelle quittee pour quelque jalousie
con  ue/ But, like Cassandre, she had wrung from him some of
his loveliest poetry; and when the day came for a
farewell to her more final than to Cassandre, he wrote for
Marie dead the loveliest, in its simplicity, of his laments:

Si je n'eusse eu l'esprit charg  
De vaine erreur, prenant cong  
De sa belle et vive figure,
Oyant sa voix, qui sonnoit mieux
Que de coustume, et ses beaux yeux
Qui reluisoient outre mesure,
Et son soupir qui m'embrasoit,
J'eusse bien veu qu'  l me disoit:
'Or soule toy de mon visage,
Si jamais tu en euz soucy:
Tu ne me voirras plus icy,
Je m'en vay faire un long voyage/

When our poets have learnt to write like
that again,
there will be new hope, I believe, for our
poetry. It is
not that good poetry cannot be written
in a hundred